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by a most conscientious distribution by will of all his worldly possessions to his relative and friends. At length, after protracted suffering, this great and most extraordinary man died at Cloux, near Amboise, on the 2d of May, 1519, being then in his sixty-seventh year. It is to be regretted that we cannot wholly credit the beautiful story of his dying in the arms of Francis I. who, as it is said, had come to visit him on his death-bed. It would, indeed, have been, as Fuseli expressed it, "an honor to the king, by which Destiny would have atoned to that monarch for his future disaster at Pavia," had the incident really happened, as it has been so often related by biographers, celebrated by poets, represented with a just pride by painters, and willingly believed by all the world; but the well-authenticated fact that the court was on that day at St. Germain-en-Laye, whence the royal ordinances issued, renders the story, unhappily, very doubtful.

We have mentioned a few of the genuine works of Leonardo da Vinci; they are exceedingly rare. It appears certain that not one-third of the pictures attributed to him and bearing his name were the production of his own hand, though they were the creation of his mind, for he generally furnished the cartoons or designs from which his pupils executed pictures of various degrees of excellence.

Thus the admirable picture in our National Gallery of Christ disputing with the Doctors, though, undoubtedly, designed by Leonardo, is supposed by some to be executed by his best scholar, Bernardino Luini; by others it is attributed to Francesco Melei. Those ruined pictures which bear his name at Windsor and at Hampton Court are from the Milanese school.

Of nine pictures in the Louvre attributed to Leonardo, three only—the St. John, and the two famous portraits of the Mona Lisa and Lucrezia Crivelli—are considered genuine. The others are from his designs and from his school.

In the Florentine Gallery, the Medusa is certainly genuine; but the famous Herodias holding the dish to receive the head of John the Baptist, was probably painted from his cartoon by Luini. His own portrait, in the same gallery, (in the Salle des Peintres), is wonderfully fine; indeed, the finest of all, and the one which at once attracts and fixes attention.

In the Milan collections are many pictures attributed to him. A few are in private collections in England: Lord Ashburton has an exquisite group of the Infant Christ and St. John playing with a lamb; and there is a small Madonna in Lord Shrewsbury's gallery at Alton Towers.

But it is the MS. notes and designs left behind him that give us the best idea of the indefatigable industry of this "myriad-minded man," and the almost incredible extent of his acquirements. In the Ambrosian Library at Milan there are twelve huge volumes of his works relative to arts, chemistry, mathematics, &c.; one of them contains a collection of anatomical drawings, which the celebrated anatomist, Dr. Hunter, described as the most wonderful things of the kind for accuracy and beauty that had ever beheld. In the Royal Library, at Windsor, there are three volumes of MSS. and drawings, containing a vast variety of subjects—portraits, heads, groups, and single figures; fine anatomical studies of horses; a battle of elephants, full of spirit; drawings in optics, hydraulics, and perspective; plans of military machines, maps and surveys of rivers; beautiful and accurate drawings of plants and rocks, to be in-

troduced into his pictures; musical airs noted in his own hand, perhaps, his own compositions; anatomical subjects, with elaborate notes and explanations. In the Royal Library at Paris there is a volume of philosophical treatises, from which extracts have been published by Venturi. In the Holkham Collection is a MS. treatise on hydraulics. The "Treatise on Painting," by Leonardo da Vinci, has been translated from the original Italian into French, English, German, and is the foundation of all that has since been written on the subject, whether relating to the theory or to the practice of the art. His MSS. are particularly difficult to read or decipher, as he had a habit of writing from right to left, instead of from left to right. What was his reason for this singularity has not been explained.

The scholars of Leonardo da Vinci, and those artists formed in the Academy which he founded in Milan, under the patronage of Ludovico il Moro, comprise that school of art known as the Milanese, or Lombard School. They are distinguished by a lengthy and graceful style of drawing, a particular amenity and sweetness of expression (which in the inferior painters degenerated into affectation and a sort of vapid smile), and particularly by the transparent lights and shadows—the *chiaroscuro*, of which Leonardo was the inventor or discoverer. The most eminent painters were Bernardino Luini; Marco Ugione, or D'Oggioni; Antonio Beltraffio; Francesco Melzi; and Andrea Salai. All these studied under the immediate tuition of Leonardo, and painted most of the pictures ascribed to him. Gaudenzio Ferrari and Cesare da Sesto imitated him, and owed their celebrity to his influence.

(From the Times.)

#### MUSIC IN BOSTON.

ORATORIO.—In no other city in this country, but Boston, would it have been possible to attract an audience of such a character and numbers, in pouring rain, as that which found its way to the Music Hall, last Sunday evening, to hear the "Messiah" performed by the Handel and Haydn Society; and we heartily wish we could, in justice to ourselves, the society, and the public, who are the supporters of this exceedingly valuable and honorable organization accord to the performance on this occasion that degree of musical success that has been accredited to similar events, but we cannot. The weather had a dampening influence upon the attention of the *active roll*, although the honored heads (the twenty years members) were out as usual in full force, eager to avail themselves of their privilege; consequently the appropriation of seating accommodation proved to be of too extended a scale, as there were numerous rows of seats unoccupied; probably out of five hundred voices counted upon not much more than half that number reported themselves. Many of the fine choruses suffered for the body of tone, and the absence of valuable voices. Such choruses as "Glory to God in the Highest," "Lift up your heads," "Their sound is gone out," "O thou that tellest," and "All we like sheep," came out well, with good life and effect, but the first chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," which gives a tone to the whole work and "Heshall purify," "For unto us a child is born," "His yoke is easy," "Behold the Lamb of God," "Worthy is the Lamb," and the "Hallelujah," all fell short of former comparisons. This was in part accountable to the fact that there were many who "played possum," securing admission, and after singing through one or more portions of the oratorio, *taking their seats among the audience*. There appeared to be full as many members who officiated as listeners as there were doing their duty. Is this right? or is it according to the code of "By-laws"? if so

let there be appointed a reconstruction committee at once, to guard against it in future. Of the soloists, Miss Houston's efforts claimed for her the precedence. Her superior qualifications over any of our resident lady vocalists, for interpreting this specialty of song, were never more fittingly illustrated than on this occasion. Her essays were in every way in accordance with the proper rules of oratorio singing, creditable to her experience and acknowledged abilities. It was indeed refreshing to listen to one such effort as "I know that my Redeemer liveth," when we were compelled to hear so many mere mechanical recitals. Mrs. Smith, of whom we had reason to expect much, was incapacitated from doing herself justice by being in poor vocal condition; still, with all this, we think she could have infused a little life into her singing, giving credit, at least, of being well instructed. Her "Rejoice greatly" was nothing more nor less than a *fiasco*. In "Come unto Him," she rallied, and sang this morceau with good understanding and satisfactory vocal response, retrieving her shattered fortunes of reputation of the evening. Miss Rametti seemed disconcerted by the weight of responsibility assumed, and failed to confirm the promise held out by her very creditable performance in "St Pauls." She did better in the second part, however, giving "He was despised" with more freedom and effect. In this song alone she appeared herself, imparting to it genuine fervor and true intelligence. Another year will do much for this young lady, as it was evident she was overborne with responsibilities too great for her present experience. The Messrs. Winch's efforts were of that nature to give but little satisfaction, save to their personal friends. They have fine natural gifts of voices, but they are undeveloped yet, and their method of producing tone and vocalizing evince a sad want of cultivation under a good master; while their culture and capacity for interpreting "oratorio music" is far beyond their present abilities and acquisitions.

Mr. Zerrahn has never conducted an oratorio performance more ably, or held his forces better under control, than on this occasion. The orchestra was very efficient, as was Mr. Lang, in his old position as organist, using this powerful resource of effect to excellent advantage.

#### EVENINGS AT HOME.

##### IV.

There were seven of us who met in the little cottage parlor upon the vigil of holy Christmas to wait for the mystic, midnight hour. Very pretty looked this little fane, with its bright lights, and its decorations of holly and evergreens mixed with scarlet wood berries, gracefully festooning the windows door lentils, and the low arch that divides the two little salons, and setting in dark green frames the pictures and objects of taste that hang upon the cottage walls. From a half hidden niche beside mamma's vacant thronal chair, gleams out serene and beautiful in cold, plastic Art, the Olympian head of Tragedy's Muse, garlanded with a perennial wreath of *immortelles*; while in a distant, darkened alcove, another bust imperial there is, draped in mourning: white, it glimmers with a supernal pallor, the features plain, almost repulsive—differing from the classic beauty of Melpomene—the brow, uncrowned by poesy or Art, still bears a higher honor, a brighter glory—it wears a martyr's crown!

Through the crystalline furnace doors the rosy fire-glow leaps and plays, commingling with the pale yellow glitter of the candelabra, as it falls upon our little party, lighting up the roguish, berry brown eyes of Linda, our bright brunetta

cousin, who has flitted in from the quiet of her convent school to pass the swift flying Christmas days in mundane pleasures among her fond, worldly friends. She is talking with our fair-haired young literateur: he is speaking with enthusiasm of the great Exposition Universel, whither his brilliant talent will take him the coming year. A visit to the fairy city is to the talented Americus a pleasure as yet enjoyed only in anticipation, and through the medium of golden tinted dreams; but to the lovely Linda the Old World has long lost the attraction of novelty; repeated visits to Europe have made her familiar with distant lands, and her glowing souvenirs of her child-days passed in *la belle ville de Paris*, in the Linden City, the great picture-capital of Germany, and even in Rome, that mournful monument of ancient glory, are received by her rapt listener with eager delight. Observe her head uplifted slightly to meet the gaze of those earnest blue eyes; the head is of Jovian proportions; the face beautiful, though not strictly harmonious; a superb coil of lustreless black hair encircles a brow of marble whiteness. The nose, though small is of classic type, and the flashing, passionate dark eyes, pointed at the corners, impart a sphynx-like expression to her face. No dreamer is Linda, nor yet an enthusiast, for high intelligence and superior judgment temper the imagination of that powerful brain. A scientist she is, rather than artist; yet in that mind of masculine breadth, there lie the possibilities of all womanly greatness.

Seldom do we find in so small a group, such diverse characteristics of genius. Mignon too is here, sweet, impassionate improvisatrice, sois-disant "Minette," her Godivan wealth of bright colored hair glittering over her mourning robes, reminds me of that charming fiction of the old Roman mythology where Jupiter, under the form of a shower of gold penetrates into the darksome dungeon of Danae, his beloved. She is conversing with the "merry, mocking Mephistopheles:" the tones of her voice are singularly high, and her utterances flow out in rhythmical cadences like the inspiration of a Southern Siren. Strange seems their discourse as from the distant sofa broken phrases reach us; they talk of counter-parts, and odyles, of temperament, and the power of will.

And is he mocking, the metaphysical Diabolus, as he listens to Mignon's wild improvisations? Or whence the Mephistophelean resemblance? Is it in the breadth of that pale brow that indicates a predominance of intellect over the affections? Or is it in that mysterious iris-grey eye that glitters and flashes like a changeable meteor in its weird and ominous splendor?

Strange themes are these for grave discussion by two so young: Mignon, who is yet a child in years, though entitled to the dignity of womanhood by the precocity of her attainments, both in art and poesy; and Diabolus, a youth just out of boyhood, yet already known in the world of letters as a second Janus, with his dual glance directed towards Art and the Drama.

And is she beautiful, Mignon, the darling of all hearts? Observe her and decide. Regard her sylph-like form; she is not tall, but an intellectual buoyancy, a spiritual exaltation impart a delu-

sive stature to that petite figure. In the excitement of conversation she has thrown herself into a careless though not ungraceful attitude, half reclining over the arm of the sofa. A fairy foot *bien chaussé* has, in its restless movement, obtruded from under the folds of her mourning robes. Her complexion, which in repose is of transparent paleness, now in the flush of excitement is as exquisitely tinted as a June rose. The features are more noble than delicate, the nose has almost an Oriental prominence. And those eyes—who shall describe them? Their shades are various as her infinite moods. Whether you deem their color opal-blue or odyllic-grey, they are large, open and full of inspiration.

Upon a low ottoman besides the furnace-grate sits the sage Pensierosa. Her face is averted, so that you see only the profile. She is listening to the Chevalier Britanicus, and her serious face is relaxed into a complex expression of pleasure and surprise. The Chevalier is narrating his heroic exploits when as boy-soldier he served in the Italian wars under his beau-ideal leader, Garibaldi. The figure of Britanicus is tall and magnificently slender. The face handsome and full of manly character. Courage, intrepidity and never failing hope are expressed in those clear blue eyes. No weakness is betrayed by those finely cut features, but spirit, feeling and talent. This temperament is rather more chivalrous than romantic, and more romantic than poetical. But it is the strong though well-proportioned nose that reveals the indomitable will, the love of exciting, spirit-stirring scenes, and lofty, bold enterprises, stamping the character of our youthful Chevalier with the impress of knight-errantry.

And does the narration of these wild adventures in foreign climes interest his listener, Pensierosa, so thoughtful and grave? Like the complex expression that plays over those mobile features, her nature is somewhat of an involved one. Now lucid as the morning beams, now inexplicable as the laws of fate. Not an ordinary character is she, for usually her mind is occupied with other thoughts than those the present scene commands. Regard her face, more interesting, perhaps, you may style it, than beautiful, for deep reflection has thus too early left its impress upon that virgin countenance, that seen in repose is serious almost to sorrow, but now in the soft, falling light the too intense emotions are dissipated, and vivacity succeeds calm contemplativeness, and mirth and pleasure combine to give joyful animation. And now as she rises to comply with the request to play for our little party that tenderly imaginative tone-poem of dear, dead Prudent (*La Danse des Fées*), we see her face and figure in relief. A soft glimmer of pearl-shades in-spheres her fragile form, and the same delicate hue gleams from the velvet band that confines those waves of fawn-dappled hair. No dazzling ornaments conflict with the chaste simplicity of her nun-like dress, only an ebon cross is suspended from that graceful throat. And the pure cerulean eye comports with the soft outline, and the brilliant whiteness of the complexion. Music is one of the passions that animate her talented, artistic soul, artistic she is emphatically in her tastes and pursuits. Artist she might be pre-eminently was her talent less diversified. Novelty

has for her an inordinate charm, imitation is more pleasing than completion. Passionately fond of reading, she prefers history to fiction, and ancient to modern, and sacred to profane. Dearer too to her are the writings of the sombre Ghibelline, Dante, than the deliciously romantic romantic poems of Tasso. Grandeur is the quality after which this ardent soul passionately yearns, whether in Art or Nature. Thus, mountains, the ocean, oratorio, the Latin Mass, and Paradise Lost are dearly cherished by her.

And now how shall I class them, these three almost heroines? Each so beautiful, all so young.

"Standing still with waiting feet,  
Where woman hood and childhood meet."

Each a queen in chrysalis. Linda, resplendent beauty, with her dark, electrical eyes and carnation lips, her accomplished mind and winning ways. Mignon, whose passionate heart flows out in song and picture, and Pensierosa, so sensitive and so sage, so simple and so profound, half-coquette and half *religieuse*.

But the holy vigil is passing: in music and conversation within—without, a slumbering, hopeful world, while enwrapping all are the same glimmering golden stars in the high empyrean, Arcturus and Orion, and all those crystal spheres that shone upon the plains of Bethlehem,

"In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago."

Adieu, mes belles amies; adieu, beaux cavaliers.  
CECILIA.

#### ART MATTERS.

As intimated last week the "Art Matters" of the present number are to be devoted exclusively to the ladies, and it is with considerable diffidence and trepidation that their devoted admirer enters upon the criticism of the work of their fair and lovely hands. Now, to write of the work of men—big, grizzly, bearded men—is a different matter entirely; one feels at liberty then to speak out the plain, honest, downright truth and, at worst can but receive sound abuse—an article to which the critic becomes so thoroughly accustomed that a day passed without it, in some form or another, is to him a *dies non*, a day lacking in interest or excitement; for, to your critic, abuse is the sauce which adds piquancy and flavor to life, whereas flattery is but the oil which is pleasant to him in his "salad days," when he is but a fledgling and has not yet learned to appreciate the delicious satisfaction of knowing that he possesses the power of bringing down upon his devoted head a perfect avalanche of abuse by a few strokes of the pen. But then the abuse of men is one thing and the abuse of the ladies is another—he can stand the male invectives, whereas the sight of a severe, reproachful look on the face of one of the dainty little sylphs would drive him to distraction, doggerel, or an ignominious death in his own inkstand. Either one of these fates would be decidedly far from pleasant—distraction would naturally lead to the insane asylum, doggerel would involve long hair and unclean linen, while drowning in an inkstand might, perhaps, be somewhat novel and astounding, but then for one instant imagine the extremely absurd and ridiculous fig-